

Reflections on darkness.

The darkness in the work *Skíma* is a state, a moment where the day has departed and night has taken over. It is a state and a circumstance. I arrive at the building after closing, switch off the lights, sit in the darkness and the silence, and wait for the faint glow, a shaft of light, like a fleeting presence that hovers in, positions itself before me, and then vanishes, I capture it with the camera.

I often work with darkness, I work in darkness. I like it. There is much darkness in Iceland until the light claims everything. The brightness overwhelms my eyes, I put on sunglasses. The sun is too bright, too hot, almost aggressive. It does not enchant me as darkness does, it is cooler, gentler, quieter. Things emerge slowly, or not at all.

Yet I seek the light, not the sun, but light, illumination, glow, ember, in people and I also see the darkness within them, even when they smile with open mouths, the dark seeps through. I am not alone in my fondness for darkness, for twilight, for dusk, I'm not sure if many people dislike the sun, and I hold it no grudge, I'm simply not drawn to it. It does not fill me with the same inspiration as night and the moon. Perhaps it is the mystery and the poetry, or perhaps it is because I was born in February in Iceland.

Darkness, twilight, dusk, night, these hold great attraction for me. That time or state where one thing disappears and another emerges or takes over, and everything is transformed. A mysterious allure that the imagination can enter, where associations are different from daylight. Ghostly, folkloric, terrifying, adventurous, beautiful, exciting. I have made several works where darkness is both the subject and the inspiration. I am still exploring it and its effects on me.

If there were no darkness and no shadows, there would be no nuances just flatness.

What does one do to eliminate shadow?.....switch off the light.

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